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BONE TO GNAW,  
FOR THE  
DEMOCRATS;  
OR,  
OBSERVATIONS  
ON

A PAMPHLET,

ENTITLED,

“THE POLITICAL PROGRESS OF BRITAIN.”

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THE SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

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“Quand te manges, donne à manger

“Aux chiens, fussent-ils te mordre.

*Le Pompadour.”*

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PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY THOMAS BRADFORD, NO. 8, SOUTH  
FRONT STREET,

1795.

AC 911 1795 C62.

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## P R E F A C E.

READER,

IF you have a Shop to mind, or any other business to do, I advise you to go and do it, and let this book alone; for, I can assure you, it contains nothing of half so much importance to you, as the sale of a skein of thread or a yard of tape. By such a transaction you might possibly make a net profit of half a farthing, a thing, though seemingly of small value, much more worthy your attention than the treasures under the State House at Amsterdam, or all the mines of Peru. Half a farthing might lay the foundation of a brilliant fortune, and sooner than you should be deprived of it by this work, though it may be called my offspring, I would, like the worshippers of Moloch, commit it to the flames with my own hands.

If you are of that sex, vulgarly called the Fair, but which ought always to be called the Divine, let me beseech you, if you value your charms, to proceed no further. Politics is a mixture of anger and deceit,

and these are the mortal enemies of Beauty. The instant a lady turns politician farewell the smiles, the dimples, the roses; the graces abandon her, and age sets his seal on her front. We never find Hebe, goddess ever fair and ever young, chattering politics at the table of the gods; and though Venus once interposed in behalf of her beloved Paris, the spear of Diomedé taught her "to tremble at the name of arms." And, have we not a terrible example of recent, very recent, date? I mean that of the unfortunate Mary Wollstoncraft. It is a well known fact, that, when that political lady began *The Rights of Women*, she had as fine black hair as you would wish to see, and that, before the second sheet of her work went to the press, it was turned as white, and a great deal whiter than her skin. You must needs think, I have the ambition common to every author; that is to say, to be read; but I declare, that, sooner than bleach one auburn ringlet, or even a single hair; sooner than rob the world of one heavenly smile, I would with pleasure see my pamphlet torn up to light the pipes of a Democratic club, or burnt, like the *Political Progress*, by the hands of a Scotch hangman, or even loaded with applauses by the *Philadelphia Gazette*.



*It is a little singular for an author to write a Preface to hinder his work from being read ; but this is not my intention ; all I wish to do, is, to confine it within its proper sphere. I am aware that my sincerity in this respect may be called in question, and that malice may ascribe to me motives th it never entered my thoughts : but of this I am totally regardless ; my work answers to its title, and, consequently, nobody but the Democrats can have any thing to do with it. Nor does it court their approbation ; I throw it in amongst them, as amongst a kennel of hounds : let them snarl and growl over it, and gnaw it, and slive it ; the more they wear out their fangs this way the less dangerous will be their bite hereafter.*

Philadelphia, Feb. 19th. 1795.



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A  
B O N E T O G N A W,  
FOR THE  
D E M O C R A T S.

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**T**HOUGH the good people of America cannot for their lives comprehend the views, from which they have been favoured with a publication of *The Political Progress of Britain*, we may suppose, that the fondness of the Author led him to see a possibility of its being read; and, as it is in the nature of reading to give rise to observations, he will not be surprised, that some of those, arising from the reading of his patriotic labours, have, by a very ordinary process, found their way into print. It is thus that books, more grateful than the children of men, never fail to yield assistance to those that have given them birth. Whenever neglect lays its icy hand on an unfortunate production, another flies to its aid; and, though it cannot cancel the irrevocable doom; it saves it, for a moment at least, from the jaws of the unclean monster, that is day and night gaping to receive it. Such being, at least in part, the charitable

views of this pamphlet, it will undoubtedly meet with a hearty welcome from all the friends of *The Political Progress*, and particularly from its Author.

Let me then ask; what could induce him to come a' the wa' from Edinburgh to Philadelphia to make an attack upon poor old England? And, if this be satisfactorily accounted for, upon principles of domestic philosophy, which teaches us, that froth and scum stopped in at one place will burst out at another, still I must be permitted to ask; what could induce him to imagine, that the citizens of the United States were, in any manner whatever, interested in the affair? What are his adventures in Scotland, and his "narrow escape," to us, who live on this side the Atlantic? What do we care whether his associates, *Ridgway* and *Symons*, are still in Newgate, or whether they have been translated to Surgeon's Hall? Is it any thing to us whether he prefers Charley to George, or George to Charley, any more than whether he used to eat his burgoo with his fingers or with a horn spoon? What are his debts and his misery to us? Just as if we cared whether his posteriors were covered with a pair of breeches, or a kelt, or whether he was literally sans culotte? In Great Britain, indeed, his barking might answer some purpose; there he was near the object of his fury; but here he is like a cur howling at the Moon.

Indeed, he himself seems to have been fully sensible of the ridiculousness of the situation in which this publication would place him, and therefore he has had the precaution to surround himself with company, to keep him in countenance. He says that *Mr. Jefferson*, late Ameri-

can Secretary of State, spoke of his work, on different occasions, in respectful terms ; and that he declared, “ it contained the most astonishing concentration of abuses, that he had ever heard of.” “ He tells us besides, that *other gentlemen* have delivered their opinions to the same effect ; and that their *encouragement* was one principal cause of the appearance of this American edition.

And did he in good earnest, imagine that mixing with such company would render his person sacred and invulnerable ? He should have recollected, that, though one *scabby* sheep infects a whole flock, he does not thereby work his own cure.

As to *Mr. Jefferson*, I must suppose him entirely out of the Question ; for, nobody that has the least knowledge of the talents, penetration and taste of that Gentleman, will ever believe, that he could find any thing worthy of *respect* in a production, evidently intended to seduce the rabble of North Britain. Besides, upon looking a second time over the words attributed to *Mr. Jefferson*, I think, it is easy to discover, that the quotation is erroneous : the word *abuses*, I am pretty confident, should be, *abuse* ; and thus, by leaving out an *s*, the sentence expresses exactly what one would expect from such a person as *Mr. Jefferson* : “ that the work contained the “ most astonishing concentration of *abuse*, that “ he had ever heard of.”

With respect to those *other gentlemen* whose encouragement has thrust the Author forward, it is not difficult to guess to what *clan* they belong ; but, let them be who they may, and let their situation be what it may (and if I am right in my guess, it is at this time awkward enough), I think they would not exchange it for the one

they have placed him in. He vainly imagines himself the hero of the farce, when he is nothing but the buffoon. Indeed he has described the part he is acting better than I, or any one else can do it. He says that Authors of revolutionary pamphlets form a kind of "forlorn hope on the skirts of battle." Every one knows, that the forlorn hope, or *enfants perdus*, was, amongst the ancient Gauls, composed of the outcasts of society; wretches whose lives were already forfeited (and who had not had the good luck, like our Author, to "escape") who were set in the front of battle, not for their *courage*, but their *crimes*. The comparison he has pilfered from Dean Swift; it is therefore just to return it to its owner; but as to the application of it to himself, I am certain, nobody can have the least objection.

However, I can hardly imagine, that the *encouragement* of these *gentlemen* would, alone, have dragged him into so dangerous a service. I think, his conduct may be, in part, accounted for upon physical principles. We are told, that there is, or ought to be, about every human body, a certain part called the *crumena*, upon which depends the whole œconomy of the intestines. When the *crumena* is full, the intestines are in a correspondent state; and then the body is inclined to repose, and the mind to peace and good neighbourhood: but when the *crumena* \* becomes empty, the sympathetic intestines are immediately contracted, and the whole internal state of the patient is thrown into insurrection and uproar, which, communicating itself to the

\* The Purse.

brain, produces what a learned state physician calls, the *mania reformatio*; and if this malady is not stopped at once, by the help of an hempen neck-lace, or some other remedy equally efficacious, it never fails to break out into Atheism, Robbery, Unitarianism, Swindling, Jacobinism, Massacres, Civic Feasts and Insurrections. Now, it appears to me, that our unfortunate Author must be afflicted with this dreadful malady, and if so, I will appeal to any man of feeling, whether his friends would not have shewn their humanity, in relieving him by other means than those they have *encouraged* him to employ; which, besides being unproductive, have exposed both him and them to the birch of public opinion.

Such are the mighty effects of the *mania reformatio*, that I was at first inclined to believe, we were indebted to that alone for the publication in question; and that the *gentlemen*, from whom the Author had received *encouragement* to proceed, were purely the creatures of his disordered imagination; but I have lately seen it introduced to public notice so often, and in such a way, that I have been obliged to change my opinion.

A Newspaper printed at Philadelphia, whose motto is, "*The public will our guide;—the public good our end,*" has borne a conspicuous part in "*ushering this dark born devil into light.*" In one number of that truly puffing print, the speech of a member of Congress is cut asunder in the middle, for the purpose of wedging in an extract from *The Political Progress of Britain*. The debate was on *the propriety of the house's censuring certain societies that had assisted in bringing about an insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania*; and the extracted morsel, wedged in

as above mentioned, went to prove that *bread was absolutely dearer in Scotland than in England!* — Well enough may you stare, reader. Was there ever such an impudent, such a barefaced *puff* as this, since the noble art of puffing has been discovered? And did the author of it imagine, that there was any two legged creature so stupid as not to perceive it? It is an insult to our national understanding. Why not say candidly; “gentleman and ladies, here is a poor man in distress, who, for want of better employment, has trumped up an old pamphlet, which he proposes to sell for a new one; in buying each of you one, you will render him a great service, and the bookseller a still greater. Unless you will be pleased to bestow your charity, the worms will stuff away upon the work, while the Author’s belly will be empty.” This would have been plain downright honest dealing, and would have brought the wished-for relief at once. We give a sixpence to a good blunt beggar who tells his case in three words; but we have not time to listen to the canting sybil that offers to tell our fortunes for a halfpenny.

The gazette above mentioned, in good will to Great Britain, does not yield to *The Political Progress* itself. It can do any thing, it can work miracles, when the “public will” requires it. For this year past, it has kept an army of a hundred thousand Carmagnoles in constant readiness to invade England, and has even landed them once, and set them to fricasseeing the poor English, with as little mercy as they do the poor Frogs in their own country. Nor is it second to any, with respect to home affairs. It may be called the political barometer of the Union. At



a time when the atmosphere of popular opinion seemed to lower over the principal officers of the Federal Government, the Editor, in conformity to the first part of his motto, expunged the word *Federal* from the title of his gazette. As a reason for this alteration, he observes, with his usual modesty : “ Previous to the adoption of “ the Federal Constitution, this paper bore an “ *honourable* and decided part in its *favour*; but “ this Constitution *no longer* needs the *aid* of a “ Newspaper. ” Notwithstanding this plausible excuse, most people thought, that the expunging of the word *Federal* had something ominous in it. I confess myself to have been of that number; I thought, I could perceive in it a preparatory step to something else : as skillful mariners, when they see a storm gathering, throw the heavy lumber overboard, that they may be able to tack with more celerity. And, if things had taken a different turn from what they did, who knows but we might have seen the protean Editor change his present respectable sign\* for the head of Citizen Genet? Happily for all parties, we have been spared this mortification.

I stop here to throw myself on the mercy of the reader. “ A digression, ” says Shaftsbury, “ is “ ever inexcusable in proportion as the subject “ of it is contemptible. ” Acknowledging, as I do, the justness of this maxim, I am but too well assured, that nothing can apologize for the digression I have just been led into.

*The Political Progress* has more than one string to its bow. The Editor above mentioned is

\* Washington's Head.

surpassed in charity by one of his brethren of the same city; the first has only recommended it to others, while the latter has taken it under his own roof. I shall trouble the reader with but one instance, among a hundred, of this gentleman's generosity. He is upon the subject of the blood that has been shed in France, since the commencement of the Revolution. He says, it would be an easy matter *to apologize for all the massacres* that have taken place in that country; "but, even taking them as they are, it will be found, upon reflection, that, *at this moment*, the sum of human happiness is greater in France than in the *Queen of Isles*:" these are his very words. To prove this, he presents us with "an anecdote, copied from a work of *great merit* (to be had at the office of the *Aurora*,) entitled, *The Political Progress of Britain*." This rare anecdote informs us, that, in the year *one thousand seven hundred and seventy seven*, a woman was hanged at Tyburn for stealing a piece of linen. Now, how the hanging of a woman at Tyburn, in 1777, could reduce the sum of human happiness in the *Queen of Isles*, in 1794; and how the reduction of the sum of human happiness in the *Queen of Isles* could make an addition to the sum of human happiness in France, is, I presume, a problem to be solved by those, and those alone, who have been initiated in the arcanum of democratic algebra.

Many have been the conjectures on the reason of this Print's assuming the name of *Aurora*. The Editor, after having, like a second Phaeton, driven the blazing car of democratic fury, till it was within an inch of burning us all up to cinders, has assumed the gentle gait and mo-

deft veil of the Goddess of the morning : “ A-right chip of the *Old Block*.” as *Poor Richard* fays. Some think, that, having feen the Sun of all his hopes and expectations fet, in the *west*, he thought it was high time to rife upon us from the *east*. But, however, this is not the reason; the thing is an imitation of a French Paper, conducted by “ *Le veritable pere du chien*,”\* and bearing the motto, “ *Bougrement Patriotic*.” It is something wonderful that the *Aurora* has not adopted a motto fo characteristic of the matter it contains : but, to make use of a well known democratic quotation, “ *nemo repente fuit turpiffimus*.”† Though, perhaps, the *Aurora*, and fome other prints, may boast of being an exception to this maxim, yet it may ferve as a feafonable hint to their readers.

Never mind, reader ; I know what I am about. I have fet my foot among a nest of vipers here ; but the poor devils do not know how to sting. Let them writhe and hiss, while we return to *The Political Progress of Britain*.

Taking it for granted, that the Author is neither more nor lefs than the “ *forlorn hope*” of the phalanx by whom he is encouraged, I do not look upon myself as bound to obferve the laws of neutrality towards them, any more than towards him ; and therefore I fhall make very free with them, whenever they may fall in my way. Nor will the title of *gentlemen*, which he has, and very uncitizen like too, beftowed on them, withhold my hand ; we know that hawkers and

\* If I am not mistaken in the French, this means, *The real father of the dog.*”

† No one ever became infamous all at once.

pedlars, swindlers, highwaymen and pickpockets, call one another gentlemen; and that even the members of every self-created back-door club, except in their fulminations *ex officio*, take the same title; but does this prevent any body from thinking and speaking of them as they deserve? Certainly not. They claim the liberty of the press in the evomition of their anarchical poison, and shall not others claim the same liberty in administering the antidote?

What then is this blessed performance? what does it contain, that such uncommon, such unnatural efforts should be made to drag it into day? Why, *The Political Progress, or Sawney's Complaint* (for this title would become it much better than the one it has assumed), \* paints in as odious a light as black and white will admit of, those kings of England who have inflicted severities on the Scotch; it abuses all the most celebrated Whigs of the United Kingdoms, and in general, every body who was opposed to the cause of the *Pretender*; it contains the most sophistical and ill-digested account of the national debt, the wars, taxes, and expences of govern-

\* I cannot leave the reader to imagine for a moment, that I aim here at the Scotch *in general*. They are a *nation* I respect above any other, except my own. For prudence, perseverance, integrity, courage and learning, they are above all praise. And as to loyalty, by no means the least of virtues, the great body of the nation are far more loyal than their neighbours in the South. Witness the *American War*: it was the Scotch bore the brunt of it. They were, in fact the Alpha and Omega of that war. But the merits and fidelity of a *nation* can never justify the apostacy of individuals, after having confessed candidly my admiration and respect for the one, I must be allowed to express as candidly my abhorrence of the other.

ment in Great Britain, that has ever yet appeared ; in short, the piece altogether, forms one of the most complete Whisky-boy Billingsgate libels, or, as *Mr. Jefferson* emphatically expressed it, “ the most astonishing concentration of abuse,” that ever was seen, or heard of.

Yes, reader, look at it again, and tell me what you can find here, that can merit the attention of an *American*. If you want to know the characters of the kings of England, you will find them recorded in history ; you will there find the good with the bad : you will find, that they have all had their faults, and most of them their virtues. If you find that some of them were wolves, you will never find that their subjects or their neighbours were lambs. From the same source you will learn, that, ever since the abdication of James II. the embers of discontent have been kept alive in Scotland, by the means of ambitious demagogues : you will find that their influence is daily decreasing, but that, like the Anti-federalists in America, they seize every opportunity to exert it, in reviling the government, representing every tax as an oppression, and exciting the ignorant to insurrection. \* You will

\* I wish we could say, that a change of air had produced a change of conduct in some of them. The comrades of *Muir* and *Palmer* were no sooner landed at New York last year, than they began to pick a hole in the coat of the *American Government*. They openly declared, that it was “ *tarnished by the last and worst disgrace of a free government*” and said, that they looked forward to “ *a more perfect state of Society*” (See their address to the *Unatarian Doctor*. I do not say that they had any immediate hand in the western affair : but, when rebels from all quarters of the world are received with open arms, as persecuted patriots, it is no wonder that rebellion should be looked upon as patriotism.

observe ( and undoubtedly with a great deal of pleasure ) that exertions of such a horrid tendency have not, latterly, had the same effects there, that they have here ; but you must nevertheless agree, that it was as prudent and as justifiable in the government of Great Britain, to prosecute those who were endeavouring to kindle the flames of civil war in Scotland, as it is in the government of the United States to prosecute the men, who, for a similar crime, are now in Philadelphia jail, waiting their trials. As to the taxes in Great Britain, they are heavy, and I believe in my soul it is in their very nature to be heavy, as much as it is in the nature of lead ; for, the people complain of their weight not only there, but here, and every where else. You will, perhaps, like many other compassionate people, feel a good deal of anxiety about the *national debt* of Great Britain, and may possibly have your fears of a *general bankruptcy* : but, suffer me to caution you against an excess of sensibility ; for, though compassion is, in itself, amiable, it degenerates into weakness, when lavished on an unworthy object : nay, it even looks meddling, if not childish, to be eternally expressing a solicitude for people who do not seem at all sensible of your kindness. Only look at the conduct of their Merchants, for example, towards *Mr. Dayton* : we have not heard, that they have expressed the least gratitude to that honest gentleman for his kind motion for putting aside about four or five millions of their dollars, in a safe corner, to preserve them from the Hanover Rats and the scrambling clutches of Billy Pit ! If I were in the place of the honourable Member from New Jersey, I think it would be a lesson to me never

to meddle with their affairs again. Such a perverse stiff-necked race ought to be left to their fate. All we have to do, is, to take care that they do not get into our debt, and then let them break as soon as they will. Humanity requires that we should pity our distressed fellow creatures, but it does not oblige us to expose ourselves to their contempt.

In defence of the conduct of the *gentlemen encouragers* of *The Political Progress of Britain*, it has been roundly asserted, that there exists a Monarchy Party in the United States, and that every thing tending to render it odious is necessary and laudable; and that, consequently, it was no more than fair play to borrow, or hire, the pen of a needy foreigner to lampoon the government and constitution of his own country. But, whoever will give themselves the trouble to open their eyes, or make use of a very little recollection, will be convinced, I fancy, that there is no reason for alarm on this account.

Our democrats are continually crying shame on the satellites of Royalty, for carrying on a Crusade against Liberty; when the fact is, the satellites of Liberty \* are carrying on a Crusade against Royalty. If one could recollect all their valorous deeds, on this side the water, since the beginning of 1793, they would make a history far surpassing that of Tom Thumb or

\* Take care, reader, how you confound terms here. *Liberty*, according to the Democratic Dictionary, does not mean *freedom from oppression*; it is a very comprehensive term, signifying, among other things, *slavery, robbery, murder, and blasphemy*. Citizen David, painter to the Propagande, has represented *Liberty* under the form of a *Dragon*; it is, I suppose, for this reason that our democrats cry out against St George as "the most dangerous of Liberticides."

Jack the Giant-Killer. The *Aurora*, and two or three other prints of that stamp, have served them by way of Backers-on : they have been, and are yet, the Saint Bernards and Peter the Hermits of the Crusade.

When they found the government was not to be bullied into a war; they were upon the point of declaring it themselves against the coalesced Monarchs, so well known for their depredations on the purses of all Christendom, and against that old ruffian Harry the Eighth, who is a sort of setter-on of the whole pack. And though this resolve was not put into execution, out of respect for the inviolable and sacred person of his Majesty of Clubs, they immediately “ let slip the dogs “ of war ” at every thing else that bore the name or marks of Royalty.

Their first object of attack was the Stage. Every Royal or Noble character was to be driven into everlasting exile, or, at least, none such was ever to be introduced except by way of degradation. The words your Majesty, My Lord, and the like, were held to be as offensive to the chaste ears of Republicans, as silks, gold lace, painted cheeks and powdered periwigs to their eyes. In short, the highest and lowest titles were to be *citizen* and *citizens*, and the dresses were all to be *à la mode de Paris*.

That the Theatre might not suffer for want of pieces adapted to the reformed taste, the reformers had the goodness to propose *William Tell* and several others equally amusing.—*William* was to be modernized : in place of shooting the Governor with a bow and arrow, he was to stab him in the guts with a dagger, cut off his head, and carry it round the Stage



upon a pike, while the music was to play the *Murderer's Hymn* and *Ha, çaira*.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the gentlemen and ladies of the buskin (though they have taken for motto, *Vivat Respublica* \*) turned a deaf ear to all innovations of this kind. It was no easy matter to persuade people, who had been kings and queens from their infancy, to turn kennel-rakers and cut throats all at once. In vain did the Crusaders represent to them, that their conduct was inconsistent with their motto, and that their vanity was like that of the Ass loaded with Relicks. Expostulations and menaces were vain : after having strutted so long in furbelowed brocades and White Chapel diamonds, they felt themselves by no means disposed to go flinking about the scene in an a — clout.

Some people may think, that this is all invention ; but if they think it worth while to look over the Gazettes I have mentioned above, they will find that the merit of it does not fall to my share.

To make the reader amends for *William Tell*, I am going to treat him with a delicate morsel indeed ; and, which adds to its merit, it is not in every body's hands, the publication, from which I have extracted it, being, thank God, but very little known.

\* These, I am told, are cabalistical words of amazing virtue. It was my intention to give the reader a satisfactory explanation of them ; but, though I have consulted all the most renowned Cabalists among the democrats, I have not been able to procure it. Some say, that repeating them about nine hundred times every other day will change a high-flying Tory into a staunch Republican. Others say, they have no virtue at all ; and that they mean neither more nor less than—*Huzza for the strongest!*

## “ PHILADELPHIA.

“ A new Song called the Guilliotine, Sung  
 “ at the celebration of the *fourth of July*, by a  
 “ number of French and *American* citizens at  
 “ Hamburg. Written by the celebrated Mr.  
 “ *Barlow*, who was then at that place.

“ God save the Guilliotine,  
 “ ’Till *England’s King and Queen*,  
 “ Her power shall prove :

“ ’Till each anointed knob  
 “ Affords a clipping job,  
 “ Let no vile halter rob,  
 “ The Guilliotine.

“ Fame, let thy trumpet sound,  
 “ Tell all the world around,  
 “ How *Capet* fell :

“ And when great *George’s* poll  
 “ Shall in the basket roll,  
 “ Let mercy then controul  
 “ The Guilliotine.

“ When *all the sceptred crew*  
 “ Have paid their homage, due  
 “ The Guilliotine,

“ Let freedom’s flag advance,  
 “ ’Till all the world like France,  
 “ O’er tyrants graves shall dance  
 “ And peace begin ”.

With respect to this tender madrigal, we are at a loss which to admire most ; the style and sentiments of the “ celebrated Author, ” \* the de-

\* It would be worth the reader’s while to enquire whether this *celebrated author* has never employed his poetic talent in making an addition to Doctor Watt’s version of the Psalms ? If this should appear to be the case, it must be allowed he is in a fair way to become an universal genius, and an honor to his country.

licacy of the Editor, or the taste of his readers: I say *his* readers, for I should be sorry to think it was the taste of the inhabitants, in general, of Philadelphia. However, I think the reader will agree with me, that, at a time when such a piece as this could possibly be admitted into a public print, there could be no necessity for a publication of *Sawney's Complaint*: to bring it out after such a tit bit as this, was as bad as serving up a mess of burgoo after a cramberry tart.

That there should be found amongst us men so vindictive as to pray for the murder of the King and Queen of England, people who had offended us, is not so very astonishing; unfortunately there are men of that stamp in all countries, and consequently, we must expect to find some of that description amongst those who live by entertaining the public. It is not therefore more wonderful that such a sentiment should find its way into a Newspaper than that it should be conceived. But that there should be found a *number of Americans*, or even *one*, capable of rejoicing and laughing at the tragic fall of the unfortunate Louis XVI, is a fact of such a horrid nature, that we wish not to believe our eyes and ears.

Who is not sensible of the efforts, the mighty, the successful efforts, made by that Monarch in favour of these States? Who is not sensible, that to those efforts America owes her Independence? Every one is sensible of it; and it is for this reason, that all parties join in celebrating the 6th. of February, the anniversary of the conclusion of the Treaty of Alliance between Louis XVI and the United States.\* Recollect, reader,

\* I say Louis and the United States, for it was *he*, and *he*

that the song above quoted, was sung on the *fourth of July*; on the anniversary of that Independence we boast of as a sovereign good. Recollect that a number of Americans, assembled to rejoice on Account of this blessing, called to the universe at the same time, to witness their joy at the murder of him who conferred it! This was all that was wanted to the humiliation of the house of Bourbon and to the revenge of its Rival. Poor Louis might deserve something of this kind in the eyes of Englishmen; by them he might expect his memory would be execrated. Could he now look from the grave, what would be his astonishment to see them among the first to defend it, and some of us among the first, among the very first, to tear it to pieces? Could this innocent, this virtuous, this injured Prince, now behold the ungrateful hell-hounds, that, from all quarters of the world, assail his reputation, would he not exclaim, like Cæsar when he saw the dagger of his beloved Brutus,—  
*and you too Americans?*

Let us leave these Bacchanalians, whose beverage is the blood of their benefactors, and return to our Crusaders; though I am afraid we shall gain but little by the change.

alone. There were no Favettes, no Robespierres, no Barreres in those days: the king was absolute, and to him was the alliance owing and to nobody else. He was then as much, and more, an absolute Monarch than he was at the beginning of the French Revolution; yet none of us ever dreamed of calling him a *despot*, a *tyrant*, “*an ermined monster*.” The Congress, the very Congress that declared us independent, declared him to be our *great and good ally*, our *deliverer*; and not a word about *despotism*. Whence come all these approbrious terms now? From the ungrateful hearts of those who make use of them.

Their next attack was on all pictures, carved work, and stucco work. At the distance of a few miles from the Metropolis, a Tavern-Keeper, who, about a dozen years ago, hoisted the *Queen of France*, to attract custom to his house, found it necessary last summer, to sever her head from her body, and set the blood streaming down her garments. \*

Who can have forgotten the card, sent to the Clergy and Vestry of Christ Church? This card begged, or rather demanded, of the persons to whom it was addressed, to remove the image and crown of George II. and to be as quick as possible in doing it, for fear it should endanger the salvation of the citizens; "for," says the card, "that *mark of infamy* has a tendency to "keep many *young and virtuous men* from attending public worship."

For my part, I look upon the destruction of this image and Crown as an event of about as much consequence to the citizens of Philadelphia as the destruction of the *Swiss*, † *at the door of their Library*, would be. The church is full as well without it, as with it. I have frequented Christ

\* The reader will undoubtedly feel a considerable relief, when he hears that this complaisant creature was a *patriotic* Englishman. But who were his customers?

† This image has obtained the name of the *Swiss* for two reasons: First, because the citizens of Switzerland are generally employed by other nations in the capacity of *Porters*; and, secondly, because their motto is, "*Point d'argent, point de Swiss*;" in English, "*No pay, no Swiss*." I leave the reader to determine whether the name be applicable or not to the image in question.

Church for near about thirty years, without ever observing that such a thing was on the walls of it; nor did I ever imagine that *my salvation could be endangered* by the form of a lump of stucco. In this affair, one would have wished only, for the sake of those who made the request, that it had not been made at so unfortunate a juncture. It was almost literally biting off the nose to be revenged on the face. George II. who died, God rest his soul, in 1760, could not help Sir Charles Gray's taking the French Islands, Colonel Brathwaite's taking Pondicherry, Lord Hood's taking Corsica, and burning the arsenals and Fleet at Toulon, nor Lord Howe's unmerciful inhuman bastinado of the Carmagnole Fleet off Ushant, all which happened in 1794; yet, I believe, nobody doubted, that, if nothing of this kind had taken place, the "*young and virtuous men*" would have felt no qualms of conscience on account of the image and crown. If the poor image could have spoken, it certainly would have remonstrated against such an act of manifest injustice; an act transgressing all laws both human and divine. For, I believe it is a principle established in law, that thirty years, if not less, of uninterrupted possession, constitutes a right; and, though we have heard of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children, it was left for these "*young and virtuous men*" to find out the justice of visiting the sins of the children upon the fathers.

Of a piece with this heroic action was that of the Democrats, of *Charleston*, South Carolina, when they precipitated the statue of the late Lord Chatham from its pedestal, and bragged in the gazettes of having severed the head from the

body. If one were to ask these wifeacres, what honor or profit they could promise themselves in this triumph over a piece of marble, I wonder what would be their answer. It was not the English that placed it there; it was themselves. It was an idol they had raised with their own hands. Did they expect to find it, like the man's wooden God, stuffed with gold and silver? Had this been the case, and had their expectation been well founded, the profit of the enterprise might have kept them in countenance: but, as it was, their folly of fans-culottism has produced them nothing but derision; has fixed them as a mark, "for the hand of scorn to point its slow and moving finger at." People compare them to the child who fights with his man of clay, and calls out to his playmates to admire his bravery. No wonder that the Jacobin Club at Paris should object to the adoption of ninnies like these.

I will not fatigue the reader with any more of these feats of modern chivalry; what I have here related will, I think, be sufficient to prove, that the pictures of half a dozen old kings, painted with a Caledonian mop, were by no means necessary to frighten the people into Democratic principles.

I now come to an epoch of American fans-culottism, that ought not to be forgotten in haste. I mean the beginning of the Western Rebellion. When the back-door Clubs first received the news, they put a Janus's face upon the matter: they pretended not to approve, altogether, of the *hostile* operations of *their* "Western Brethren"; but at the same time they took good care to declare, that they would *never cease to oppose the law which had given them umbrage*. The

manœuvres that were employed to prevent the Militia of Pennsylvania from turning out, and the sarcasms that were thrown out on the Jersey Militia, only because they did turn out, are fresh in every one's memory. As is the ever-memorable petition that was presented to the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 6th of September last. The Legislature was no sooner met, for the special purpose of enforcing the execution of one excise law, than they were besought to assist in opposing the execution of another excise law! The petition was an appeal to the Legislature, not from an inferior, but from a superior Legislature; and, which is perhaps the most incongruous of all the incongruities that ever were heard of, at the head of the appellants was the President of one branch of that very Legislature from which they were appealing!! Had the President of the United States joined Citizen Genet in his appeal to the people, the step would not have been more ridiculous.

No body can doubt, that the scheme of the Democrats was, by means like these, to deaden the limbs of Government, and then seize the reins themselves. But success was dubious; they therefore proceeded with caution. Look at, and admire their conduct, from this time, 'till they saw a sufficient force ready to march against their "Western Brethren." You will find them lying on their arms, silent and snug, but the instant such a force appeared, adieu all *relationship*: the poor devils were in a moment transformed from "Western Brethren" into "Insurgents," and (Oh, monstrous transformation!) even into "Royalists"! If this be the way they



great their own flesh and blood, what have strangers to expect at their hands?

Let this be a warning to you, all you under-trappers of Democratic Clubs; leave off your bawling and your toasting, go home and sell your *sugar* and your *snuff*, and leave the care of "Posterity" to other heads; for, when the hour of discomfit arrives, your Jack Straws and your C. Foxes will leave you in the lurch. When you get your carcases battinadoed, or, which is far worse, penned up within the walls of a jail, they will scoff at you, as the devil ever does at a baffled sinner. This is an article of their creed. Do you want a proof of it? Look at their conduct towards their venerable founder, Citizen Genet: no sooner had the poor citizen made his political exit, than they began to "dance on his grave," as their brother Barlow did on that of Louis XVI. However, all their ungrateful efforts, all their unnatural malice has not been able to injure their immortal Sire. Though baffled and persecuted on this side the Styx, he has bribed old Charon to ferry him over into the Island of Bliss, where he may, uninterrupted by tormenting Aristocrats, sip the live long day, and the live long night too, at the lovely stream, flowing from the pure fountain of the purest democracy.

But to return; our democrats had another view in stigmatizing their "western brethren" for Royalists, besides that of disowning them. They saw a good opportunity of throwing the blame on the shoulders of Great Britain, at the same time that they shifted it from their own. Thus, by a stroke of address peculiar to them-

ſelves, they turned miſfortune to advantage : this was making the beſt of a bad market with a vengeance ! Hence all the grave alarming accounts of people's crying out, " King George for ever ; " and of billets being " ſtuck upon trees with, " *British freedom will never oppreſs you.* " Billets ſtuck upon trees ! Like thoſe of Orlando and Roſalind, I ſuppoſe.

" Untill the tree ſhall quit the rind,  
" I'll never quit my Roſalind. "

This is very pretty in making love, but it is a romantic way of carrying on Treason and Rebellion, and ſeems to agree but very ill with the language of thoſe gentle ſwains aſſembled at Parkinſon's Ferry.

I muſt be excuſed alſo, if I do not give full credit to what the Governor of Pennsylvania aſſerted on this ſubject, when he was harranguing the militia officers to perſuade them to aſſemble their quotas, for the purpoſe of marching againſt the " *Western Brethren.* " " Liſten, " ſaid he, " to the language of the *Infurgents*, and your " ſpirit will riſe with indignation. \* They not " only aſſert that certain laws ſhall be repealed, " let the ſenſe of the majority be what it may, " but they threaten us with the eſta bliſhment of " an independent government, or a *return to the* " *allegiance of Great Britain.* "

Moſt people thought this was a *bolt ſhot* ; but they forgot, that he ſaid, in the ſame harrangue, that, " from defects in the militia ſyſtem, or " *ſome other unfortunate cauſe*, the attempts to ob-

\* Ah, Sir ! ought the Officers and Soldiers of the State of Pennsylvania to feel indignation againſt nobody but the *de-luded* " *Western Brethren* ? "

tain the quota of militia by regular drafts “*bad failed.*” If they had recollected, that, under such circumstances, the end of an harangue was to “stir men’s bloods,” and not to be very nice in the statement of facts, they would not have been surpris’d, that our Solomon (I can have no intention to hint, that the wise Governor has ever had *three hundred concubines* at a time; human nature cannot stand that, now a days ) they would not, I say, have been surpris’d, that our Solomon should choose Great Britain as a spur.

Reader, when you were a little boy, did you never carry on a secret correspondence with the pies and tarts; and, when, by the rattling of the plates, or some other accident, you were like to be caught at it, did you never raise a hue and cry against the poor dogs and cats? Those who look upon the conduct of our Democrats as unnatural, forget their own little roguish tricks.

I will venture to say, that there are not five persons in the United States, possessing a degree of understanding superior to that of the brute creation, who believe that the Rebels have ever had, from first to last, the least idea of seeking protection from the British. From whence comes the probability? *All* their partizans *in this quarter* were to be found among the *revilers* of Great Britain. Read their resolves, and see if you can find any thing that leaves them a possibility of fraternizing with the British. Besides, can any body suppose, that the British would have accepted of them? Unless, indeed, they had had them in Europe, where they might have employed them as a “forlorn hope;” as the Democrats have the poor Author of the *Political*

*Progress.* I fancy, if they, with *all* their partizans, and Tom the Tinker and his *prevaricating* Coadjuter at their head, had went and offered themselves, bodies and souls, to Old foxy Dorchester, he would have said, as Louis XI. did to the Genoese : “ *Vous vous donnez à moi, et moi, je vous donne au Diable.* ”

I ask any reasonable man, what they could possibly expect to do among the British? The British have so many of this stamp already, that they are sending off ship loads to Botany Bay every month. Could a fellow, for instance, imagine, that having been the *secretary of a back door club*, would recommend him to the post of secretary in Canada? Prudence would prevent the employment of one whose *only talent* is, *blowing hot and cold with the same mouth*; because such a person might become *the tool of every intriguing foreigner*, and, by his *prevarication*, might embroil the whole government. Would any one (except one *like himself*) put such a man in a post of confidence? I put this question to every thinking American, and particularly to every Pennsylvanian.

And with respect to Tom the Tinker himself (for he is, on every account, entitled to the pre-eminence), what could he expect among the British? If he were to play any of his drunken tinker-like tricks amongst them, it would not be begging pardon, that would bring him off. If he were to tell them that his “hammer was up, and his ladle hot, and that he would not *travel the country for nothing*”, I am mistaken if they would not pay him off with a good five hundred lashes, well counted; for the British are punctual in paying their debts. They would

\* “ You give yourselves to me, and I give you to the devil.”

teach him how to set people together by the ears another time.

Could a sot like *Tom* imagine that the Canadian ladies would have fallen in love with him, because his scull had often been decorated with a liberty Cap, to testify his attachment to the nation from which they are descended? No; the ladies, all the world over, are, from long experience, too well convinced of the truth of Goldsmith's maxim: "A man who is eternally vociferating liberty! liberty! is generally, *in his own family*, a most cruel and inhuman tyrant."

The truth is, those among us who have made the most noise, and have expressed the most rancour against Great Britain, seem to have done it only to cover their enmity to the Federal Government, and consequently to their country, if we may with propriety call it *their* country. Let any man take a review of their conduct since the beginning of the present European war, and see if this observation is not uniformly true. It was they who raised such a clamour against the President's wise Proclamation of Neutrality; it was they who encouraged an insolent and intriguing foreigner to set the laws of the Union at defiance, and to treat the Supreme Executive Authority as if he had been a Talien or a Barrere, or the President of nothing but a Democratic or Jacobin Club; it was they who brought the vexations and depredations on the commerce, and then Guillotined in effigy the Ambassador extraordinary, the Angel of Peace, who went to repair their fault; finally, it was they who fanned the embers of Rebellion in the West into a flame, and caused fourteen or fifteen thousand men to be taken from

their homes, to undergo a most fatiguing campaign, at the expence of a million and a half of Dollars to the United States. The same perverse clan that heroically hurled down the Statue of Lord Chatham, and manfully made war upon an Image and a Crown, endeavoured to introduce a law to prevent the President of the United States from being re-elected, and openly declared (by the usual vehicle of their manifestos, a gazette) that it was improper to send the Chief Judge as Ambassador Extraordinary to England, because they might want him here to— try the President ! \*

It is rather an awkward circumstance, I must confess, that the meddling enemies of the British Government and of that of the United States should be the same, the fact is however indisputable, as will appear in a minute.

For proof, I like always to have recourse to what has appeared in print ; words are wind ; a man says a thing in earnest that he retracts by turning it into a joke. Besides, we say a hundred things in the heat of argument or passion, that we do not think : but writing, and particularly writing for the press, is a deliberate act. When a person sits down to write, his mind must be in some sort composed ; time is necessary for the arrangement of his ideas ; what he has written must be examined with care ; he augments, curtails, corrects and improves. All this natu-

\* Will not the reader be surpris'd to hear that the following toast was a favorite with them ? “ May national gratitude ever distinguish Americans.” This is a pretty clear proof, I think, that they did not look upon themselves as Americans ; or, at least, that, in their capacity of Democrats, they looked upon themselves as exempted from all those moral obligations that bind the rest of mankind.

rally implies the most mature reflection, and makes an assertion or an opinion in print be justly regarded as irrefragable. For this reason, I shall, in support of my position, bring an extract from a print whose character, in the *patriotic* world, yields to that of no one.

I have already done myself the honour of extracting a song from this print, after which its hatred to the Government of Great Britain will not be disputed, and, I think, the reader will soon be convinced that its hatred to that of the United States is equally sincere. Indeed the following extract bears in itself such ample confirmation of what I assert, that it needs no comment.

“ There is a set of men in this country [America] who, to palliate, or rather deny the mal-administration of Government, charge the *discontents* and *clamours* of the people to a restless temper, or the arts of factious and designing men. In order to illustrate this assertion, it is insisted that *our constitution* is a perfection of human wisdom—it is admitted that our constitution is excellent, and that compared with the forms of government which have preceded it, we really discover a superiority, that occasions a surprize that the people are *not* happy and contented.”

“ Whatever courtiers may please to say, on my part; I feel no inclination to compliment men in power at the expence of the disposition and good sense of my fellow citizens — To charge a people heretofore distinguished for their prompt and due submission to the laws, and orderly conduct, with turbulence

“ and *unjust discontent*, or to suppose that the  
 “ good sense of American citizens cannot pene-  
 “ trate the designs of factious men, are assertions  
 “ scarcely meriting serious attention.

“ The constitution of the United States is free  
 “ and excellent, and yet the people are *not* hap-  
 “ py and contented. In free governments when  
 “ the laws are well administered, the national  
 “ honour regarded, and the property of the  
 “ citizens protected, submission to the law, and  
 “ confidence in those who are charged with the  
 “ administration, will consequently follow. But  
 “ when the property of the *citizen* is unprotected,  
 “ nay even his *sacred* person can find no  
 “ protection\*—when the honour of the nation  
 “ is become so *prostituted*, that an invasion  
 “ of territory or denial of just right is submitted  
 “ to with humility—when the national honour  
 “ cannot be asserted, because it might interfere  
 “ with the *venal projects of a certain junto*—when  
 “ every measure which is *pretended* to be pursued  
 “ for the public welfare, is veiled with a  
 “ mysterious secrecy becoming a *Turkish Divan*,  
 “ and when men are appointed to procure redress  
 “ —in whom the people most interested, *have*  
 “ *no confidence*, and against whom constitutional  
 “ objections are justly suggested—what are  
 “ we to expect?—disgust; discontent and total  
 “ want of confidence must result.”

\* I wonder whether this furious Democrat would have the Congress go in person, and tear the Dey of Algiers's eyes out? How could they help the peace between the Algerines and Portuguese, any more than they can help its thundering or raining? I'll venture my life this liberty boy has never given a penny towards the ransoming of the prisoners in Algiers.



“ That the people are dissatisfied, and do  
 “ complain from New Hampshire to Georgia,  
 “ from the Ocean to the Mississippi, is what no  
 “ prostituted sycophant of power will dare de-  
 “ ny—That those complaints are too well found-  
 “ ed is our misfortune—but if you doubt, ask  
 “ you merchant what redress he has received  
 “ for his *property robbed* and plundered upon  
 “ the most infamous pretexts? ask your ma-  
 “ riner what *redress he has received for the loss*  
 “ *of his hard earned services,\** for his suffering  
 “ by prison ships and empressment?—ask your  
 “ fellow citizens from one end of our extensive  
 “ frontier to the other, what they suffer? On  
 “ the one hand they are exposed to the mur-  
 “ dering hatchet of the savage Indians, and the  
 “ encroachments of *the more savage Briton*.—  
 “ On the other a *natural right* is withheld,  
 “ though *secured by solemn treaty*.—But under  
 “ all these disgraceful and distressing circum-  
 “ stances, we are told that our complaints, are  
 “ the ebullitions of a restless disposition, or  
 “ that they are created by the machinations of  
 “ a faction—for we have a most excellent go-  
 “ vernment, and virtuous, and great men to  
 “ administer it.—That the government is good  
 “ we believe—but without charging any par-  
 “ ticular branch of it, we shall not hesitate to  
 “ pronounce that our affairs are badly conduct-  
 “ ed and whether from the errors of ignorance  
 “ or the designs of wickedness, a remedy  
 “ should be applied — And thank God! that  
 “ remedy, though *not immediately*, will, 'ere

\* I suppose the reader knows, that Democrats claim as a natural privilege, an exemption from writing and speaking sense.

“ long be in the hands of the people\*—then it is to  
 “ be hoped that the *true Republicans* of America  
 “ will unite, and hurl with just resentment  
 “ from their exalted stations, men who have  
 “ abused the confidence of a generous people.  
 “ — *To effect this* — persevere ye writers in  
 “ defence of liberty—and you *popular societies*,  
 “ relax not your *laudable pursuits*, your coun-  
 “ trymen shall bless you, and your honest zeal  
 “ shall be crowned with patriotic rewards——  
 “ let no considerations of *past services*, or tem-  
 “ porary dignity, deter you from exhibiting to  
 “ public view the *public servant* who has abused  
 “ *his trust*, or acts not for the interest of those  
 “ who constituted him. Disregard the insinua-  
 “ tions of men who object to such institutions  
 “ —no man would object to such societies, but  
 “ *one who wishes to reduce you to the condition of*  
 “ *slaves*, to deprive you of the right of thinking  
 “ and exercising your opinions upon public af-  
 “ fairs, or one whose conduct will not bear the  
 “ test of investigation. ”

I could go on to a thousand pages with pieces  
 of this cast, that have appeared within the last  
 nine months; but, I dare say, the reader will  
 excuse my stopping here. This piece was among  
 the first I came at, and I have copied it word  
 for word and letter for letter, without even the  
 omission of a comma or a dash. Since the fail-  
 ure of a certain enterprise, there is no doubt  
 that the Author or Authors of it would wish it  
 turned into blank paper; but, alas! the wish is  
 vain; in vain would they cry, with Lady Mac-

\* This prophecy appeared in print about the 20th of Ju-  
 ly last, just at the time when the Rebellion in the West was  
 breaking out; its date explains its meaning.

beth ; “ out, damn’d spot ! ” It is like——their reputations.

Thus then, I think, nobody will deny, that a hatred of the British Government and of that of the United States go hand in hand. Nor is the reason of this at all mysterious ; it is not because of their resemblance to each other in form, nor, as the Democrats have ingeniously observed, because “ there is some dangerous “ connection between Great Britain and our “ public affairs ; ” it is because they are both pursuing the same line of conduct with respect to clubs and conspirations ; it is because they have both the same radical defect, a power to suppress anarchy ; it is, to say all in one word, because they are *governments*. Great Britain has a government of some sort (nobody will deny that, I suppose), and this is sufficient to merit their execration. It is not the form of a government, it is not the manner of its administration ; it is the thing itself, they are at war with, and that they must be eternally at war with ; for, government implies order, and order and anarchy can never agree. The Carmagnole system (if there can be any system in annihilation) is exactly adapted to their taste and interest ; a system that has made “ rich “ men look sad and ruffians dance and sing.” If this were not the true reason, why such an eternal larum about the British Government ? What have we or our Democrats to do with it ? If the people of that country like it, why need it pester us ? That pious and patriotic Scotchman, the Author of *the Political Progress*, tells us “ to “ wish that <sup>a</sup>n Earthquake or a Volcano may

“ bury the whole British Islands \* together in  
 “ the centre of the globe ; that a single, but  
 “ decisive exertion of Almighty vengeance may  
 “ terminate the *progress* † and the remembrance  
 “ of their crimes.” Yea, be it even as thou  
 sayest, thou mighty Cyclop ; but let us leave  
 them then to the vengeance of the Almighty ;  
 let us not usurp the place of the Thunderer.

Understand me, reader ; I would by no means  
 insinuate, that a man cannot be a firm friend of  
 the Federal Government, and at the same time  
 wish all manner of success to the French, in  
 their present struggle for what their vanity and  
 our complaisance have termed Liberty ; on the  
 contrary, I think it very natural for an Ameri-  
 can, who has no other idea of Liberty than that  
 which is conveyed to him by his senses ; who is  
 not refined enough to taste that metaphysical  
 kind of Liberty, that can exist only in a  
 brain afflicted with the *mania reformatio* ; who in  
 short, has no notion that Liberty consists in  
 yielding up the crop he has laboured all the  
 year to raise, and in receiving three or four oun-  
 ces of black bread a day in lieu of it : it is natu-  
 ral, and even laudable for such a man to be  
 zealous in the cause of the French, who, as he is  
 told, are fighting for Liberty ; but even he  
 ought to keep his zeal within the bounds of de-  
 cency : when it breaks out into Civic-Fests,

\* And the Isle of Sky, that “ terrestrial Paradise,” a-  
 mong the rest ?

† If some such exertion had terminated another *progress*,  
 it might have spared somebody a good many fits of the  
 gripes.

Cockades à la tricolor, and such like buffoonery; it exposes him to ridicule, and makes him one of the rabble. "Let the French wear their garlands of straw; let them dress up their strumpets in leaves of oak, and nickname their calendar; let them play those pranks at home, and we shall be but merry spectators." These are the words of a gentleman, who seems to have been, on this occasion, and, indeed, on most other occasions, rather unfriendly to our allies. I am for carrying our complaisance further; I am for not only letting them play their pranks at home, but here also, if they please. If there be something, the seeing of which may turn to our amusement or profit, I see no reason why we should shut our eyes? Did not the wise Lacedemonians make their slaves drunk, and turn them loose, once a year, to inspire their youth with a horror for that beastly vice? In short, I am for hearing them, looking at them, laughing at them, or any thing but imitating them. Imitation here is ridiculous. When Shakespear wrote the character of an *Iago* or a *Caliban*, or Moliere that of a *Tartuffe*, they certainly never meant to excite imitation. Thousands of mob crowd to see one of their friends hanged, but not one of them ever dreams of participating in the ceremony.

Talking of dreaming puts me in mind of a dream I had last summer, which is so apropos to the present subject, and contains so many whimsical circumstances, that I flatter myself it will not be disagreeable to the reader.

In the month of *August* last (I believe, it was on the 10th or 11th day), I retired to rest about

eleven o'clock; but the heat and musquitoes together prevented me from falling asleep, 'till the Watchman had been round for three. Soon after this I dropped off for about an hour and a half, during which time my fancy sported in the following dream.

I thought, I was walking up Market Street, by the side of Old William Penn, the founder of the City; who told me, I thought, that he was come upon earth again to see if his descendants, and those of his companions, continued to walk in the paths of peace and integrity. I thought, I asked him with a kind of sneer, whether he had not found things 'surpassing his expectation; upon which the old man, after a heavy sigh, told me a long deal about freeing Blacks with one hand, and buying Whites with the other, about godly malice and maple-sugar, and about those "precious hypocrites" (these were his very words) Brissot and Warner Mifflin, &c. &c. &c. to the end of the chapter.

Before the good old man had finished his story, which, by the by, was a pretty tough one, we were, I thought, got to the upper end of Market Street, where we were stopped by a monstrous crowd of people, that not only blocked up the way, but filled all the fields for a great way out. I thought, however, that we wedged along among the crowd for a good while, 'till at last we could penetrate no further. Our ears were assailed from all quarters with the firing of cannon, sounding of trumpets, beating of drums, ringing of bells, singing, hooping, hallooing and blaspheming, as if hell itself had been broke loose. Yet, the crowd seemed not to express the least fear: joy seemed seated on every coun-

tenance, and expectation in every eye. We had not waited long in this situation, when two banners, at some little distance, announced the approach of a procession, at once the most ludicrous and most idolatrous that ever eyes beheld. I thought, there was a sort of pyramid, made of paper, with a red night cap upon the top of it, and carried by two Americans and two Foreigners, all of whom, like the Pyramid, were dressed in red night-caps. Round the Pyramid marched, I thought, a bevy of Virgins in white robes, each wearing a crown and celtus tricolor, and bearing a garland in her hand; and (what stuff do we dream of!) I thought these nymphs were ushered by nine or ten priests, whose only mark of distinction was a *nosegay* of *straw* tied round with a ribbon. I thought that behind these, came a company of artillery with their cannon, and that they were followed by a gang of Music. Then, I thought, followed the two banners above mentioned; one of them having for arms the Imperial Eagle, just as it is seen on the standards of the Holy Roman Empire; the other was so black and dirty that I could not distinguish its armory; it seemed, I thought, rather the ensign of the infernal regions than of any earthly nation. "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude that no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," and *colours*. I thought however I could distinguish amongst them (but it is all a dream) the *Chiefs* of the *State of Pennsylvania*!!

I thought, we followed this antick show into a spacious enclosure, where, on an altar, not of burnished gold, but of deal boards, stood *The*

*Goddeſs*, the object of the Feaſt. She was dreſſed like the Cyprian Queen, when ſhe received the prize from the Idallian Shepherd ; that is to ſay,—in her ſkin : in her right hand ſhe held a ſtaff mounted with a night-cap, and in her left, a dagger : on her head ſhe had a cap, decorated, in appearance, with lillies ; but, upon a cloſer examination, I thought, I found them to be real bells. This diſcovery, led to me to perceive, that I had committed an error with reſpect to the identity of her perſon ; for, hearing that her worſhipers were called *cus-nus*,\* I had concluded ſhe was the *Goddeſs Cunia* ; and in this opinion I was in ſome meaſure confirmed by ſeeing her ſurrounded with children : but the Cap and Bells ſet me right at once ; the *noſegay of ſtraw* and Pyramid of paper were no longer myſtical ; in ſhort, I ſaw plainly it was the *Goddeſs of Folly* ; which, I thought, was beſides fully proved by the behaviour of the crowd. But ſtill, the dagger remained unexplained ; for, we all know, that, that weapon is not among the inſignia of this *Goddeſs*. In this perplexity I happened to caſt my eyes downward, and, on the front of the altar, I thought I ſaw the following phraſe from Voltaire : “ *Sous ma tutelle les ſinges agacent les Tigres.*”

The Priests, I thought, were ranged round the altar, offering up their noſegays, and invoking the aſſiſtance of the *Goddeſs*, while the air rang with Hallelujahs. The invocation was no ſooner ended and the benediction given by the High Priest, than the whole (not excepting the *Chiefs*, I thought, of the *State of Pennſyl-*

\* This in the vulgar tongue ; means ; Barc—A——cs.



ania) began dancing and capering *à la cannibale* round the altar, at the same time deafening the very firmament with their cries.

Here my venerable companion, who, had been very uneasy during the whole scene, would absolutely stop no longer; and, to confess a truth, I began to feel a good deal uneasy myself. I thought, we got with some difficulty to the outside, and seeing a young fellow of a milder aspect than the rest, the Old Man ventured to ask him, *how long those people had been pagans*. I thought, the fellow gave him a look of infinite contempt, and answered: “ I see you are a superstitious old fool, that knows nothing of the luminous close of the Eighteenth Century. Why, you stupid old dog, we are all christians yet: what you have seen to-day is only a jubilee, to celebrate the down-fall of *our best friend*, and the massacre of *nine hundred* of our neighbours by the hands of *forty thousand* of their countrymen.” — As he spoke these last words, I thought his person, which was that of a genteel and gentle American, assumed the hideous form of the terrific *Medusa*; his fingers were transformed into the claws of a Tiger, the fangs of a Boar hung down his foaming jaws, his eyes became a glaring ball, and his hair a bed of Snakes, curling round his skull and hissing destruction. The poor Old Man, though immortal, was appalled, and rushed into the grave to hide himself from the petrifying sight. I uttered a shriek, and awaked; but, awaking was very far from putting an end to my fright: still the noise continued, and still was I stiffened with horror; unable to determine whether it was a dream or not. My

voice, however, had alarmed the family, and, Oh! how glad was I to find, that the noise I heard, was nothing but that of the French and our own *citizens*, assembled to celebrate the “*Holy Infurrection*” of the 23d Thermidor, 10th of August, Old Style.

Ah! Mr. Author of *The Political Progress*; you think I have forgotten you, do you? You will find presently that I have not: but I must have time for sleeping, you know, whether I dream or not. I did not, like you, bring my pamphlet, ready fabricated, from Scotland; and, besides, I have better company than you, at present; you will therefore please to excuse me for a quarter of an hour longer.

In France, and, I believe, in most of the other countries of Europe, when a Mountebank Doctor, a Puppet Man, or any other of the itinerant tribe, enters a town, he goes round with a trumpet to announce his arrival. Tantarra soon brings a troop of blackguard boys round him, and, thus attended, he struts about the streets, stopping from time to time to advertise the people of the unheard-of feats that are just going to be performed, and concluding every harangue with, “*hollow, you dogs, hollow!*” Upon this follows a noise, compared to which, the War Hoop of the Indians, or even a debate in the National Convention, is melody. But, detestable as it is, it answers the purpose of the Operator; for, though sober sensible people shun him, and all that belongs to him, as they would the Itch or the Halter, he generally finds dupes in too great abundance.

How often has this *tour* of European *charlatanerie* been played off upon us, since the month of March, 1793! Since that time more money

has been spent in drinking "destruction to the  
 "combined despots," and *liberty* to the *French*,  
 than would have ransomed our unfortunate, and  
 I am afraid forgotten, brethren, who are groan-  
 ing in chains in Algiers! Merciful Heaven!  
 that hearest the moans of the Captive, and seest  
 the hearts of all men, is this "*humanity?*" is  
 this "*patriotism?*" If any thing could add to  
 the humiliation of having been the Zany of a  
*Charlatan*, it would certainly be this.

Among the many shining talents of our Demo-  
 crats, there is none for which they are more justly  
 deserving admiration than their adroitness in trans-  
 ferring their attachment from one object to ano-  
 ther. It is beyond the power of figures or words,  
 to express the hugs and kisses that were lavished  
 on Citizen Genet. The poor Citizen had like  
 to have shared the fate of the image of Abel, on  
 the church of our Lady of Loretto, which, we  
 are told, is almost worn away by the ardent kif-  
 ses of the Pilgrims: for, our Pilgrims who went  
 to meet the Citizen, were by no means less eager  
 to give this mark of their affection to the dar-  
 ling of the great Alma Mater of Anarchy.—  
 Such was their eagerness to obtain pre-  
 cedence on this joyful occasion, that very few  
 parts, if any, of the Citizen's body, escaped a sa-  
 lute; and before he arrived safe at the  
 "*Capitol*" of some places, he was licked as  
 clean as a bear at three hours after being whel-  
 ped.

For a long time *Lafayette* was their god; \* but  
 it was found just and fit to exchange him for the

\* *Paine* dedicated his second part of *The Rights of Man* to  
*Lafayette*, and, in less than a year afterward, assisted

“ virtuous *Egalité*.” *Egalité* was supplanted by *Danton*; “ the great and dreadful *Danton*, “ who comes thundering on the Aristocrats, “ like *Neptune* from *Olympus*.”\* But the Olympian thunder of this *Neptune* was obliged to give place to the “ *morals and religion of Robespierre*.” After his pious report on the subject of religion, which the Unitarian Doctor (*Priestley*) read “ with pleasure, and even enthusiasm; ” it is thought, that our Democrats really began to believe there was a God; and there is no telling what a favourable change of conduct this might have produced, if the news of the unfortunate catastrophe of the 18th of July had not come to set their affection afloat again. Alas! *it* is now wandering on the sea of uncertainty; nor can we ever expect to see it cast anchor, till we know who has the secure possession of the Guillotine.

Yet ( for, though I hate the very name of Democrat, I would scorn to detract from their merit ) there is one character to whom they have ever conserved an unshaken attachment. How grateful must it be to thee, injured shade of the gentle *Marat* ! whether thou wanderest on the flowry banks of the Stygian Pool, or bathest thy pure limbs in the delightful liquid of Tartarus, or walkest hand in hand with *Jesus Christ* in that Literary Elysium, the *Philadelphia Ga-*

in passing an act of condemnation against him; and another act, by which his innocent wife and children were left without bread to eat! Poor Lafayette! to make use of a parody on your own words, “ May your fate serve as a lesson to demagogues, and as an example to governments. ”

\* See the *General Advertiser*.

*zette*, \*--how grateful must it be to thee, though thou makest Hell more hideous and frightenest the very furies into fits, to be yet adored by the Democrats of the city of *brotherly love* !

The American Union presents, at this moment, a spectacle that startles the eye of reason. We see a kind of political land-mark, on one side of which, Order walks hand in hand with the most perfect Liberty ; and, on the other, Anarchy revels, surrounded with its den of slaves. We see, that those who are most accustomed to the exercise of tyranny, are the first to oppose every measure for the curbing of licentiousness ;

\* In this print, for the month of July last, is a list of Democrats, *the great benefactors of mankind* ; among them are *Marat* and *Jesus Christ*.

I hope, reader, you are sensible of the benefits *Jesus Christ* has conferred on the world ; but perhaps you may not know what has entitled *Marat* to an equality with him. Know then, that *Marat* was the principal author of the massacres of the 2d and 3d September, 1792, in which upwards of two thousand five hundred innocent persons were inhumanly butchered ; and that, after this, he openly declared in the National Convention, and published repeatedly, that another two hundred & fifty thousand heads were yet necessary to the establishment of French Liberty.

*Doctor Moore* (who was far from being an enemy to revolutionary principles) speaks of *Marat* in the following terms  
 “ *Marat* is a little man of a cadaverous complexion, and  
 “ a countenance exceedingly expressive of his disposition ;  
 “ to a painter of massacres, *Marat's* head would be inestimable.” In another place, he says : “ This *Marat* is said  
 “ to love carnage like a vulture, and to delight in human  
 “ sacrifices like Moloch, God of the Ammonites.” Here, reader, you see the man that the *Philadelphia Gazette* (whose end is the “ public good”) puts upon a level with the *Blessed Jesus* ! !

or, in other words, we see, that anarchy and despotism are the same.

If there could be found a person in this country who has a doubt of this, I think, the following authentic pieces would operate his conviction. We ought not to speak ill of our neighbours, but if people will speak ill of themselves, believing them ought not to be termed malice. Let us hear then what our Democrats say of themselves.

*Toasts drunk on the 6th of Feb. 1794: by French and American Citizens.*

“ 1. The Democratic Societies throughout the world——may they ever be the watchful guardians of Liberty.

“ 2. Citizen *Maddison* and the *Republican party* in Congress.

“ 3. The firm patriot, and *true Republican*, Citizen Genet. \*——a salute from the French Sloop of War.

“ 4. The Guillotine to all Tyrants, Plunderers, and *funding* Speculators.

“ 5. May the flags of France and America ever be united against regal tyranny.

“ 6. The 6th of February, 1778, *the day which secured liberty to America*, † and sowed its seeds in the soil of France.

\* This was candid indeed. The Democrats might have left us to believe, that the “*republican part*” in Congress, meant the real friends of this country; but they have taken care to avoid leading us into this error, by calling Citizen Genet a *true republican*.

† Here they confess then, that the treaty with Louis XVI. *secured liberty to America*.

“ 7. Gratitude. The first of National as well  
 “ as individual virtues. \*

“ 8. May laws and *not proclamations*, † be the  
 “ instruments by which free men shall be regu-  
 “ lated.

“ 9. The persecuted Citizen Genet; may his  
 “ country reward his honest zeal, and the shafts  
 “ of *calumny* levelled against him, recoil upon the  
 “ *Archers*. †

“ 10. May all men who aspire to the *supreme*  
 “ *power* be brought below the level of their fel-  
 “ low citizens.

“ 11. The courageous and virtuous moun-  
 “ tain, may it crush the moderates, the traitors,  
 “ the *federalists* and all aristocrats, *under what-*  
 “ *ever denomination* they may be disguised.

“ 12. Success to the brave Republicans of  
 “ *Louisiana*. §

“ 13. Destruction to the enemies of the  
 “ French Republic, both by Sea and Land.

“ 14. Henry Grattan, and the Opposition of  
 “ Ireland.

\* Do you doubt of their gratitude? Hear them sing.

“ Fame let thy trumpet sound,

“ Tell all the world around

“ How *Capet* fell; &c.”

† The reader hardly wants to be told, that the Presi-  
 dent's Proclamation of Neutrality is meant here.

‡ The President of the United States was the Archer  
 that brought the Citizen from his lofty perch.

Reader, is it not rather surprising that Thomas Mifflin,  
 Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, should assist at the  
 drinking of these two toasts?

§ These Republicans were a gang of brigands, committing  
 robberies in the Spanish territories, and who were proscribed  
 by proclamation.

“ 15. Citizens Fox and Stanhope, and the  
“ Opposition in England.

“ 16. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity---may  
“ they pervade the Universe. Three cheers, and  
“ a salute of three guns.”

To these extracts I shall take the liberty of adding two others; both from the same Newspaper. One of them is an elegant account of the close of a Civic-feast, and the other, though not absolutely on the same subject as the first, certainly adds to its beauty. The first is the precious jewel, and the last the foil; I shall therefore place them as near as possible to each other.

“ After this the Cap  
“ of Liberty was placed  
“ on the head of  
“ the President, then  
“ on each member.  
“ The *marfelloishymn*  
“ and other similar  
“ songs were sung by  
“ different French citizen  
“ members. Thus  
“ cheerfully glided the  
“ hours away of this  
“ feast, made by congenial  
“ souls to commemorate the  
“ happy day, when the sons  
“ of Frenchmen joined  
“ the sons of America  
“ to overthrow tyranny in  
“ this happy land.”

“ *For Sale,*

“ Two negro lads  
“ one about twelve  
“ and the other about  
“ fifteen years old—  
“ both remarkably  
“ healthy;—the youngest  
“ is near four feet  
“ nine inches high,  
“ and the oldest above  
“ five feet. — Also  
“ a negro wench for  
“ sale, coming eighteen  
“ years old, and far  
“ advanced with  
“ child — but very  
“ strong and capable  
“ of any kind of  
“ work.”!!!!



Leaving this without comment, I shall add an extract or two from a debate of Congress, which I shall also leave without comment: such things scorn the aid of declamation.

The subject of the debate I allude to was, an amendment to a bill of Naturalization. A member from *Virginia* had proposed, that a clause should be inserted to exclude foreign noblemen from becoming citizens of the United States of America, unless they would first make a solemn *renunciation of their Titles*. A member from New England proposed, as an amendment to this, that such noblemen should also renounce the right of *holding slaves*. On this amendment a member from *Carolina* said: “ That the gentleman *durst not* come forward, and tell the house, that men who *possessed slaves* were unfit for holding an office under a *Republican* government.—He desired the gentleman to consider what might be the consequence of this motion, at this time, considering what has happened in the West Indies.—His amendment would irritate the minds of thousands of *good citizens* in the *southern States*, as it affects the *property* which they have acquired by their *industry*.—He thought that the amendment partook more of *monarchical principles* than any thing which he had seen for some time. ”\*

A member from *Virginia* said on the same occasion, that “ He held *property sacred*, and never could consent to prohibit the emigrant nobility from *having slaves* any more than o-

\* It is not amiss to hear *Republicans* declare, that *monarchical principles* tend to *discourteance Slavery*. A doctrine like this would surprize the partizans of *Citizens Stanhope* and *Fox*.

“ther people. - But as for *titles of nobility* they  
“were quite a different thing.” \*

Oh! happy Carolina! happy, thrice happy Virginia! No tyrannical Aristocrat dares to lord it over the free born swains who cultivate the delicious weed, that adorns, first thy lovely fields and then the lovelier chops of the drivling drunkard! After having spent the day in singing hymns to the Goddesses of Liberty, the virtuous Democrat gets him home to his peaceful dwelling, and sleeps, with his *property* secure beneath his roof, yea, sometimes in his very *arms*; and when his “*industry*” has enhanced its value, it bears to a new owner the proofs of his Democratic Delicacy!

What a difference between these happy States, and those vile aristocratical ones in Europe! There, as the poet says,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ a few agree  
“ To call it freedom, when *themselves* are free;  
“ A land of Tyrants and a den of Slaves,  
“ Where wretches find dishonourable graves.”

This I must confess is a gloomy subject, and therefore we will, if you please, reader, return

\* This gentleman's motion against titled foreigners has excited some curiosity, and still appears inexplicable to many, seeing that it was totally unnecessary: but, if we reflect, we shall find it is no more than natural. It is in the heart of man, reader, you must search for an explication of motions like this. When you go to take an airing in a chair, do you not find, that every Drayman and Clodpole, you meet or overtake, tiwarts you in your road as much as he can? Does he not force creatures, much more humane and polite than himself, to stifle you with dust or cover you with mire? Is it not a luxury to him, if he can overset your carriage and break your limbs? You stare, and wonder what you have done to the malicious Boor. Alas! you have done nothing to him; all your fault is, having a chair while he has none.

once again to the *Political Progress of Britain*; for change, they say, even of calamities, is chearful.

Though the *encouragers* of this work might think it a means of deceiving the ignorant, and adding to the prejudice against Great Britain, yet they seem to have had another view, which perhaps the cudden of an author knew nothing of. The *Political Progress* professes to show “*the ruinous consequences of taxation.*” And, indeed, this is the burden of the song; almost every paragraph closes with melancholy reflections on the consequence of *taxation*. The author even goes so far, in one place, as to declare, that “*the slightest and most necessary taxes, are very destructive.*” This it was that recommended the piece to the gentlemen who *encouraged* the author to publish it in America: it was so apropos too; so just the very thing.

With respect to the expediency of taxation in general, it is not to my present purpose to say any thing about it; every one that is not already upon four legs, knows that he soon must be so without something of this kind: \* what I wish to direct the reader's, attention to, is, the real object of the publication in question. If then he will take the trouble to compare the above doctrine on taxation, with that held forth by the “*Western Brethren,*” and their relations in every quarter of the Union; and if he will please to take notice of the time when the *Political Progress* was preparing for press (the month of August last) he will, I fancy be of opinion,

\* May not this be the reason why our Democrats are continually crying out against taxes? I must confess, I think they would not look amiss upon all fours.

with me that the *encouragers* had the United States in their eye, much more than Great Britain. As if they had said: *look here, Americans, see what taxation has done in another country; and, if you do not put a stop to it, if you do not resist it with all your might, it will certainly do the same in your own.* The national debt, taxes, &c. of Great Britain were well adapted to their purpose; they knew, by themselves, that the bulk of readers were incapable of going into calculations of this kind; of making just comparisons between this country and that: it was like reading the history of a giant to a pigmy.

Nobody can doubt, particularly if *country* be taken into the consideration, that the grinders and retailers of *Mundungus* were among the author's *encouragers*. I remember hearing a speaker of this honourable body, holding a talk to his brothers, in the month of May last, from the window of a certain State House. I shall not easily forget his saying, among many other things equally modest and unassuming, that *he* had told the *Secretary of the Treasury*, that if the *Mundungus* was taxed, "he would be damn'd if ever *he* forgave him, while he had an existence." His speech, though from the sample here given, it may be supposed to surpass in ribaldry those of *Tom the Tinker* or even *Tom the Devil*, had an amazing effect upon the loons below, who were all watching with their jaws distended to catch, not the oracular, but the anarchical belches. When the resolve was put, it would have done your heart good to see and hear. What a forest of rusty hats and dirty paws were poked up into the air in token of approbation of "*no excise!*"

“ Jack Straw at London—Stone with all his rout,  
 “ Struck not the City with so loud a shout. ”

But this had no effect; and now they run  
 about, stunning us

“ With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,  
 “ Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.

It is certainly worthy of remark, that, among the speechifiers at this talk, there was but *one American*, and that, among the hollow boys, perhaps there were not twenty. How kind is this of foreigners, to come and put us in the right road, when we are going wrong!

Compare the principles of the supporters of this talk, and those of their “ Western Brethren,” with the principles inculcated in *The Political Progress of Britain*, and see if they do not exactly tally; if they do not all point to the same object; that is to say, to the undermining of all government, and to the destruction of the social system. Is it not fair then to conclude that *The Political Progress* was employed as an auxiliary in this laudable enterprize?

If this was not its object, what was its object? I would ask the lovers of their country, if such there are among the *encouragers* of this author, what good they could intend to render it by such a step? I think they would be puzzled for an answer. Did they imagine, could they imagine, that his having narrowly escaped transportation, in his own country, was a sufficient security for his being a most excellent citizen in this? Because his book had been burnt by the hands of the common hangman in Scotland, did they imagine that it was calculated for the edification of the people of the United States? That the author

believed this to be the case is clear, otherwise he would not have introduced himself by exposing that, which he certainly would have kept out of sight, if he had been appealing to virtue or reason, instead of prejudice.

To what a pitch must this unmeaning, this fruitless ill-nature against a foreign country be carried, if to be declared infamous there, is become a recommendation here! If a fellow, to usher himself into favour, must cry out : *I have had a narrow escape! Look ye, good folks, here's the mark of the halter about my neck yet!* If this be the case we may as well adopt at once that famous decree of the Jacobin Club at Paris, which requires as an essential qualification in each member, that he shall, previous to his admission, have committed some crime worthy of the gibbet! A regulation like this was very proper, and even necessary in a democratic club; and, for that very reason, unnecessary and improper every where else.

*The Political Progress* is in politics, what mad Tom's *Age of Reason* is in religion, and they have both met with encouragement from some people here, from nearly the same motive. Had not the last mentioned piece been suppressed in England, there is every reason to believe, that it would never have rivaled the Bible among us, in so many families as it does. What a preposterous thing! People, who detest blasphemous publications, will tolerate, will read them, and put them into the hands of their children, because other people have declared them blasphemous! *Pope* would have said;

“ Thus Infidels the true Believers quit,

“ And are but damn'd for having too much wit.”

To what deception, to what insulting quackery of all sorts has not this prejudice exposed us! A projector (and, I think, like the Author of the *Political Progress*, of the Caledonian race) proposed, some time ago, to change the language of the country. He even went so far as to have his scheme and proposals printed. As to the scheme itself, it consisted in the introduction of several new characters into the Alphabet, and in changing the shape, or manner of writing, of some of the old ones. To give the reader as good an idea, as he can possibly have, of the merits of this scheme, it will be sufficient to tell him, that the *i* was to be turned upside down, and the point placed under the line, thus *!*. Ridiculous as this may seem, and much as the Author may, in some people's opinion, appear to merit a cap and bells, yet we must suppose, he knew whom he was making the proposal to. There is hardly any thing too gross for an appetite whetted by revenge. The *preface* to this greasy dab was a sharpening fauce, well calculated to make it go down. It was printed in the "American Language" (I go as far as "barbarian" types will permit me); but, for the benefit of the unlearned, the Author had the complaisance to give a translation of it on the opposite page. This *preface* set forth, as near as I can recollect, that, the United States of America having, by a most successful and glorious war, shaken off the disgraceful yoke of British Bondage, they ought to endeavour by every possible means to obliterate the memory of having ever borne it; and that, nothing could be more conducive to the attainment of this desirable object than the

diffuse of a *barbarous* language, imposed on them by tyrants, and fit only for slaves, &c. &c. — I would advise the Author never to read this preface in a stable; the horses would certainly kick his brains out.

Some readers may imagine, perhaps, that this is all a joke; but I certainly saw the thing, as I have described it, and in the hands of several persons too. It was in the month of October, 1793, that I saw it; it was in a small octavo volume, printed at Philadelphia, and the Author's name, if I am not mistaken, *Thornton*.

After this, who would wonder if some one were to tell us, that it is beneath Republicans to eat, and that we ought to establish a system of French starvation, only because the English live by eating?

There is nothing that might not be received without surprise after the project of this Linguist, and therefore we may remember with less astonishment the notable project of that Democrat Brissot, for curing the *consumption*. He tells us, \* that our women are more subject to the consumption than men, “ because they want ( as they do in England ) *a will or a civil existence*: “ the submission which women are habituated “ to, causes *obstructions*! deadens the vital “ principle and impedes circulation.” As a remedy for this, he produces us, quack like, his infallible nostrum, *Liberty and Equality*! Gracious Heavens! Liberty and Equality to cure the consumption!

Yes, let him persuade us, if he can that our wives and daughters die of the consumption, because they do not, like his execrably patriotic

\* See the 28th letter of his *Travels in America*.



*concitoyennes*, change gallants as often as they do their *chemises*. If he could even convince us of the efficacy of his remedy, we should certainly reject it, as ten thousand million times worse than the disease. And you, ye Fair Americans, are you ashamed to follow the bright example of your Mothers? Would you accept of Mr. Brissot's nostrum? No; you are too mild, too lovely, to become the tribune of a Democratic Club: your lilly hands were never made to wield a dagger: you want no rights, no power but what you possess: your empire is much better guarded by a bosom of snow, than it would be by the rusty battered breast plates, worn by those terrible termagants, the "heroines of Paris."

When I said that *we* should certainly reject Mr. Brissot's remedy, I by no means meant to include the members of Democratic Societies and others of that stamp: because they are so diametrically opposite in their tastes, to the rest of mankind, that I question much whether they do not look upon a pair of antlers as an honourable mark of distinction. Nor is it impossible that many of them may really be decorated to their heart's content; for, certain it is that the ladies do not bear them a very great affection. They imagine, and with reason, that the Democrats, in their rage for equality, may, one of these days, attempt to reduce them to a level with their fable "*property*." Besides, if they stood ever so fair in the opinion of the ladies, must not their gander-frolicks, and their squeezing, and hugging, and kissing one another, be expected to cause a good deal of pouting and jealousy? And then, at the back of all this,

comes their intriguing with that outlandish Goddess of Liberty! this alone must inevitably wear them from their lawful connexions: for, it is morally impossible, that one, who is admitted to clandestine familiarities with a Deity, should not disdain a poor thing in petticoats. La Fontaine has a verse which says, that a man can never bend his knees too often before his God and his Mistress; but our Democrats have laid aside both God and Mistress, and have taken up with a strumpet of a Goddess, who receives the homage due to both.

Being upon this subject, it is hardly fair to omit mentioning a great and mighty democrat, who is universally allowed to be a perfect platonist both in politics and love, and yet has the unconscionable ambition to set up for a man of gallantry. He has taken it into his head to run dangling from one Boarding School to another, in order to acquire by the art of speechifying, a reputation for which nature seems to have disqualified him. My imagination cannot form to itself any thing more perfectly comic than to see a diminutive superannuated bachelor, cocked up upon a stool, and spouting out compliments to an assembly of young Misses. Ah! dear Plato! take my word for it, if your reputation had been no higher among the Democrats than among the ladies, your name would never have found a place on their list. "Phyllis the fair, in the bloom of fifteen," feels no more emotion at your fine speeches, than she would at the quavers of an Italian Singer: for, though they are both equally soft and smooth, there is a certain concatenation of ideas (do you understand me?) that whispers her heart, that all you have said, and all you can say, is not worth one

broken sigh from blooming twenty two. Hear what a brother democrat says : \*

“ Fût il sorti de l'Épire, eût-il servi les Dieux,  
 “ Fût-il né du Trident, il languit s'il est vieux !”

This is a sorrowful truth ; but, take heart, citizen: all men are not made for all things ; if a man does not know how to play at cards, it is kind of him to hold the candle ; he that has no teeth, cannot crack nuts ; but that does not hinder him from preparing them for those who can.

Now, reader, suffer me to return, for the last time, to *The Political Progress Britain* ; though I must confess it has acted only the part of an usher, it ought certainly to appear at the breaking up of the ball.

*The Political Progress* contains, among many other religiously patriotic things too numerous to mention, a *prophecy*, — not of the destruction of the Whore of Babylon and the “ *personal reign* of Jesus over the Unitarians,” † but of the destruction of the empire of Great Britain ! This is certainly a most desirable event, and so absolutely necessary to *our* happiness, that every thing which has been said on the subject merits our attention. The Unitarian Doctor tells us, and in a sermon too, that his country must soon undergo a “ purification,” or, as he calls it in another place, “ the destruction of them that have destroyed the earth.” This opinion is a good deal strengthened by a volume of *dreams and predictions*, published at

\* Observe, that he was no democrat when he wrote these lines, or he never would have written them.

† See Priestley's Sermons.

Philadelphia by a bookseller from North Britain, and the whole appears to be fully confirmed by this plain unqualified prophecy of the author of *The Political Progress*: "A Revolution will take place in Scotland before the lapse of *ten years* at farthest."

If we want to know what sort of Revolution is here meant, we have only to look at the toasts drunk by the *republican* Britons at New York:—"A revolution in Great Britain and Ireland, "*upon sans culotte principles*---three cheers."--- But the long term of *ten years*, mentioned in the Prophecy of the Author of the *Political Progress*, has given a good deal of uneasiness to some of his zealous friends in this country. Ten years! 'tis an eternity! they thought the Woe-Trumpet had already sounded, and that the kingdom of Priestley's *sans culotte* Heaven was at hand. As a proof that I do not advance this upon slight firmise, I beg leave to remind the reader of what was said on the subject, in Congress, the other day, by that "true republican, Citizen Madison." \* "If a Revolution," said he, "was to take place in Britain, which "for my part I expect and believe will be the "case, the Peerage of that country will be "thronging to the United States. I shall be

\* This is the same citizen who amused the Legislature last year with a string of Resolutions as long as my arm, about commercial restrictions with respect to Great Britain. They are now, and were then called by way of excellence; "Madison's Resolutions;" but, though they caught like touchwood, touchwood like, they lay smouldring upon the table for nearly two months, without ever producing either light or heat. All the good they did, was to cost the Union about 20 or 30 thousand dollars in debates. O! rare Patriotism!

“ ready to receive them with all that hospitality,  
 “ respect and *tenderness* to which misfortune is  
 “ entitled. I shall *sympathize* with them, and  
 “ be as ready to afford them whatever friendly  
 “ offices lie in my power, as any man.” ’Tis  
 a pity the poor devils are not apprised of all this.  
 It would certainly be an act of humanity in our  
 good Citizen to let them know what blessings he  
 has in *store* for them: they seem attached to  
 their Coronets and Coach-and-fixes at present ;  
 but were they informed that they can have as  
 much homony and fat pork as they can gobble  
 down (once every day of their lives,) liberty to  
 chew tobacco and smoke all the week, and to  
 ride out on the meeting-going mare on Sundays,  
 it might tempt them to quit their baubles and  
 their poor bit of an Island without a struggle,  
 and fly to the free State of Virginia.

And do you really imagine, Sir, that you  
 will see the Peerage of Great Britain come  
 thronging round your habitation? Do you real-  
 ly promise yourself the extatic delight of seeing  
 them stand in need of your “ sympathy, tender-  
 “ ness, hospitality and good offices?” It is well  
 enough for Dreamers and Fortune-tellers, for  
 a baffled Unitarian from Birmingham, or a se-  
 cond-sighted Mumper from the Isle of Skye to  
 entertain us with such visions ; but for you, Sir,  
 whom the populace calls “ a damn’d Clever  
 “ Fellow,” to become their dupe, is something  
 amazing. If I am not mistaken, you observed  
 the other day, that it was improper for Congress  
 to meddle with the affairs of the Democratic  
 Societies: and, is it not full as improper for one  
 of its members to turn Soothsayer concerning

the affairs of other nations? And as for *Sympathy* and *tendernefs*, Sir; these things, though amiable in themselves, may sometimes appear ungraceful. Certain Legislators have very wisely observed, that liberty is not a bird of every climate; nor is *tendernefs* Sir: and though I do not absolutely aver, that a Jamaica Slave-Dealer cannot possess one grain of humanity, yet I confess, if he were to talk to me of his *tendernefs*; I should hardly forbear laughing.

Laying aside dreaming and soothsaying; what indications do we perceive of an approaching dissolution of the Empire of Britain? Has she lost an inch of territory, or has the enemy set a foot on any of her extensive dominions since the beginning of the war? Is she not in possession of almost the whole Western Archipelago? Are not her possessions increased to an amazing extent in the East-Indies? Has she not more men and more cannon afloat than the whole world besides; and is she not the undisputed Mistress of the Ocean? For my part, the English are no favourites of mine; I care very little if their Island were swallowed up by an Earthquake, as the Author of the *Political Progress* says; but truth is truth, and let the Devil deny, if he can, that this is the truth.

Are these indications of weakness and distress?  
Are these indications of approaching dissolution?

We were told the other day, by a newsmon-ger whom I have already mentioned too often; that “ a verbal account, of the greatest authen-  
“ ticity, had *confirmed* the taking of Amsterdam  
“ by the French; and that, as soon as the *offi-*  
“ *cial* account came, the Editor would not fail  
“ to sing forth, in the loudest notes, this *last*

“*Stroke* to the power of *Britain*.” Of Britain !! of the Dutch, he means ; of our poor old friends the Dutch ! And what have they done to us ? The truth is, I believe, that the English would join us in rejoicing at such an event as this ; that is to say, when they have given the Hollanders time to carry all their treasures over to London. We pretend to laugh at John Bull ; but, I fancy, that John is at this moment laughing in his sleeve at all the world. The Baboon has been tearing himself to pieces ’till he is no more a dangerous neighbour to John ; and if he should now, in his mad pranks, give Nic Frog a snap, or even swallow him up (as he is very fond of such diet), it will only turn another grist to John’s mill: John, if I know any thing of his temper, wants no rival of any sort.

Again, our Demagogues attempt to make our hair stand on end with the *Subsidies*, the English are paying to foreign princes ; and have the ingenuity to draw an argument of their poverty from a circumstance, which, above all others, proves their riches, credit, and consequence. What does our experience say ? If we go upon change, we see people buying bills upon London at three or four *per cent* above *par* ; but if a fellow were to take it into his head to propose the negociation of a bill on Paris, I much question if he would not get kicked out into the street. There is no friendship in trade. The exchange is no place for fraternizing. If I recollect right, the Secretary of State, in his report on the depredations on the commerce, &c. complains that the French Convention had paid for certain cargoes of Provisions in *Assignats*. In assignats !

Morbleu! what would you have? Are we not told, by every looby of a Captain that arrives, that Assignats are at *par*? And, what is more, has not the Convention ordered them to be at *par*, on pain of the Guillotine? We have not, I think, heard any complaints against English Bank Notes: and yet *we know* the English to be upon the point of breaking. What sort of work is all this?

But we are told that there *must* be a Revolution in England; for, that the people are all ripe for revolt. Where is the proof of this? Not in the conduct of their land or sea forces. At the beginning of the war, the Convention decreed, that the crew, of every vessel captured from the English, should share in the prize. What good did this base satanic democratic decree produce? What good did the fraternizing speech of the Carmagnole Admiral do? I do not believe he even found time to pronounce it. How did the crew of the *Ship Grange* behave to Citizen Bompard, when he told them they were to share in the prize, and that they were not his prisoners, but his *brothers*? “No,” said they, “you French B——r, we are none of your “brothers.” Alas! I see nothing here that affords, the least glimps of hope.-----But the people are discontented, and complain of their taxes:-----where? in England? or here?--- But they have insurrections every year:-----and every day too, if we believe our Newspapers; it appears however, that there has been only one in England, of late years; and that was *for* the the goverment, instead of against it. A troop of horse put an end to that insurrection; while fifteen thousand men were obliged to march to



put an end to ours. But they have a dozen prisoners going to be tried for High Treason : -----and have not we more than two dozen, going to be tried for the same offence ?---O! but they have their Carmagnole Clubs, and their Stanhopes, and Foxes, and Sheridans :---yes, and, God confound them ! so have we, to our sorrow ; and have them we shall, 'till we take the same method with them that the English have been taking with theirs, for some time past. Suppose Bradford, the Wat Tyler of the West, were to get over to London, and write a *Political Progress of America*, foretelling the dissolution of the Union ; would he not deserve a horse-whip in place of *encouragement* ? When the militia was called out, and cannon were planted opposite the State House, last May, to keep off a gang of insolent Sailors, were we apprehensive of a Revolution ? No ; but if our Democrats were to hear of such an event taking place in the neighbourhood of the British Parliament, I question but it might produce a Civic-Feast.

Even suppose, that that accursed thing, called a Revolution, were to take place among the British ; what good would it do us ? Would it weaken their power ? that cannot be, because we say, it has rendered the French stronger than ever. Would it destroy their credit, and starve them ? No ; for our gazettes all assure us upon their words and honours, that the French treasury is running over, and that the people's bellies are ready to burst. Would it make them turn athiests and cannibals ? Yes, but then, it is a good thing to cast off superstition and punish Aristocrats. In short, which ever way I turn the matter, we are, according to my sim-

ple judgment, upon a wrong scent. We are wishing for a Revolution in England! and for what, I would be glad to know? to give the English a share of all the goody goodies, eh? No, no; they are the exclusive property of our dear allies, and, in the name of God, let them keep them all to themselves. To be sure they have just given *us* a taste, but then, I hope we shall have too much sense to run about crying roast meat.

Let us open our eyes; it is pretty near time, if we do not wish to be led blindfolded to the end of the farce, and even after it is over.--- How can it be our interest to give way to this moody temper towards a nation, with which, after all, our connexions are nearly as close as those of Man and Wife? (I avoid the comparison of Mother and Child, for fear of affecting the nerves of some delicate constitutions.) Because a war once existed between the two countries, is that a reason that they should now hate one another? They had their battle out; let them follow the good old custom, drink and shake hands, and not suffer themselves to be set together by the ears by a parcel of out-landish butchers. If the animosity were on the side of the British, they would have some excuse; it is almost impossible for the vanquished party not to retain some tincture of revenge; but for him who boasts of his victory to brood over his ill-nature, is, to say the best of it, very unamiable. That maxim in war; "a foe vanquished, is a foe no more," ought ever to operate with him who calls himself the vanquisher, and, I believe, we should be very loath to surrender that title

The depredation on the commerce is now pleaded as the cause of all this ill-blood ; but every man of candour will acknowledge that this is not the cause. The Newspapers teemed with abuse, the most unprovoked, unheard-of, infamous abuse against Great Britain, before a single American vessel had been stopped by the British. Do we find any thing of this kind in the English papers ? Do the English publish to the world that they wish to see our Constitution subverted ? Have they a *Marat* to mark out *our beloved President and his Lady* for the Guillotine ? \* Do their Governors, Magistrates, Military Officers, &c. assemble with cannon firing, drums beating, and bells ringing to celebrate every little advantage gained over our troops by the Indians ? Do they hoist the colours of our enemy, and trample our own under their feet, and *even burn them* ? †

But, say we, have we not a right to do as we please ? Have we not a right to hate them ? Yes ; but do we expect them to love us for this ? Do we imagine that revenge can find a place nowhere but in the breasts of Americans ? Do we, because a set of fawning foreigners tell us we are the only virtuous people upon the face of the earth, possess the exclusive privilege of being systematically vindictive ? Forgiveness of inju-

\* For, you must know, reader, *Marat* published what *Doctor Moore* calls “ *the bloody Journal.*” The Editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette* will certainly think himself honoured by being compared to a person whom he has compared to *Jesus Christ*.

† Perhaps the reader did not see the British Flag committed to the flames to appease the manes of the heroes of the *Vengeur* ; I did, and should hope to see the manly democratic scene repeated, if the *Carmagnole Fleet* would but take another *Cruise*.

ries is what we have right to expect at the hands of all men; but love in return for hatred is what no mortal ought to expect from another; it is an effort beyond the power of human nature.

The publication of sentiments like these undoubtedly require an apology on the part of the Publisher; but I think, it is easily found. Many devout and sanctified christian Booksellers, indeed all of the trade in the United States, have assisted in distributing the AGE OF REASON; and not one of them has yet expressed the least remorse of conscience for so doing. Now, though it may be, and certainly is, a terrible thing to publish the name of Britain unconnected with execration, yet it is not much worse, at most, than publishing a libel against God.

As for myself, reader, I most humbly beseech you to have the Goodness to think of me---  
JUST WHAT YOU PLEASE.

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*F I N I S.*

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